

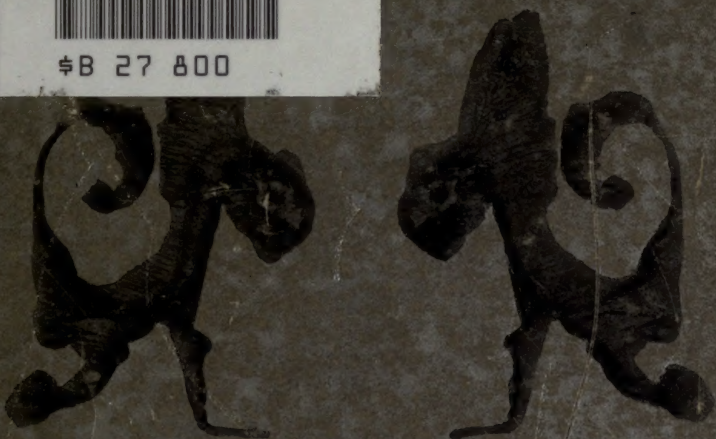
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The Blottentots

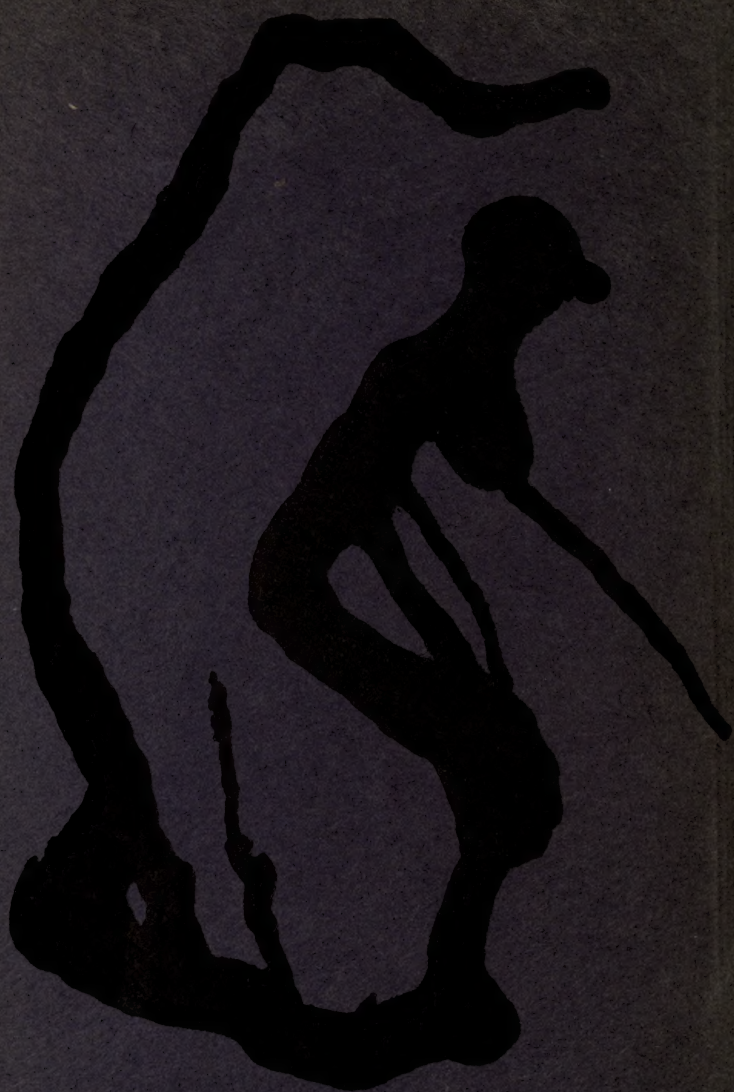
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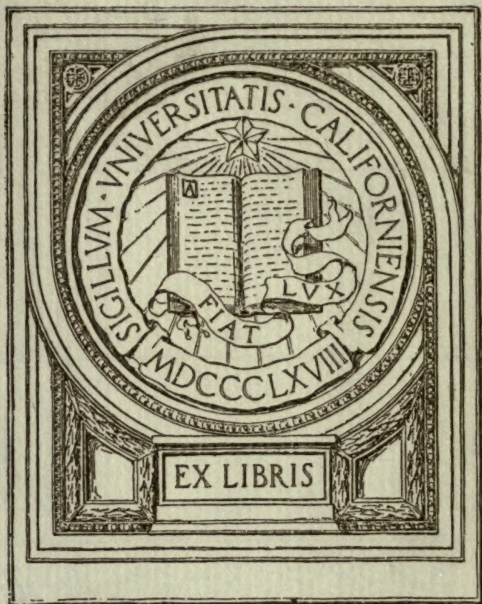
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HER BOOK





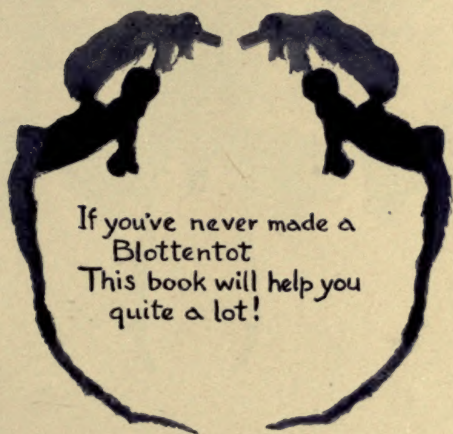
O, I AM PRINCE OF THE INKY IMPS
AND KING OF THE BLOTTENTOT CREW;
MY ANCESTREE HAS A PEDIGREE
OF A ROYAL PURPLISH HUE.

ONCE MY LOT WAS A DARK BLUE SPOT
FLIPPED ON A MILK-WHITE SEA,
A CREASE AND A FOLD—AND A BUCCANEER BOLD
OUT JUMPED—AND THAT WAS ME!

BLOTTENTOTS

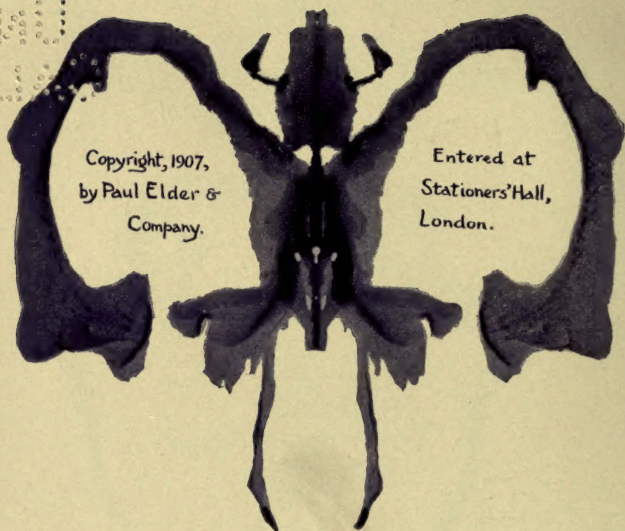
AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

BY
JOHN PROSPER CARMEL



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These were
made for Dymphna

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HOW TO MAKE BLOTTENTOTS

To make a funny Blottentot,
First take a piece of paper,
Splash on some ink, a single spot,
Crease, press, but cut no caper.

Don't crease exactly at the blot—
You'll have a fearful muddle;
Press gently, too, and not a lot,
Unless you want a puddle.

With everything we humans do,
Practice makes us apter:
So start at once, you'll find it true
At the end of your first chapter.



A FLIT-FLIT FLITTER

In the realms of wonderland
Such flies do gaily flitter,
But when they're just a blot of ink
Of course they cannot glitter.

They flitter, flutter round about,
These Flitter-Flitter-Flitters,
O'er dewy flow'ry sunny meads,
The lightest, brightest critters.



A GOBBLE-ME-UP

Weedy, greedy Gobble-Me-Up,
Your mouth is a fearful size.
Do you live on little girls and boys,
Or merely cakes and pies?



TWO BUCKING NIGHTMARES

Two bucking nightmares ran out to neigh,
Thinking it night, but found it day,
So took to their heels in sore dismay,—
I'm 'fraid they still are running away.



STRANGE BUT TRUE

Now it seems to be scarcely credible,
A difficult thing to think,
That such a strange grotesquerie
Was pressed from a drop of ink.

But word for word I tell you,
As true as word can be,
That in its making there was naught
But the blindest chancerie.



LAW-MAKERS

Tom and Johnny Make-the-law,
Talkative and lazy,
Standing on a Thingumajig
Comical and crazy.
You are just a pair of Imps,
With but one leg that badly limps.



MISTRESS NELL

Gadzooks, Nell Gwynne!
How did you get in?
Did you walk or were you brought
in your chair?
Your dress is perfection
To the smallest section
Of stomacher, quilting and hair.



A PROFESSIONAL TIFF

Said Dr. Spindleshanks,
"I'll stand no silly pranks!"
"You're nothing but a prig!"
Said Dr. Funnywig.
Then, making each a face,
They went off at a pace.



SAFE AT A DISTANCE

You big Bugaboo!
We didn't want you,
But really now that you've come,
If you keep far away
We'll permit you to stay,
Just as long as you keep quite dumb.



TEENY AND TINY

Teeny and Tiny Pugnoses
Have discovered two beautiful roses,
But the stems are so tall
They can't reach them at all,
Though they stand on the tips
of their toeses.



IMPISH

You can see by the look of this
big-footed Sprite,
That just the one thing that
affords him delight
Is to give a high jump and land
on your toe,
On the very same spot where
the biggest corns grow.



A LITTLE GRASS MIDGET

This is a little grass Midget,
As you know a most terrible fidget.
For a month every year
He makes it quite clear
That he is a little grass Midget.



SIAMESE TWINS?

I hope they're on pegs,
Because if they're legs,
They are altogether shocking.
They have no feet,
And almost meet,
And haven't the sign of a stocking.



A KANGAR-ROOSTER-ROO

Why, here's our dear old hopper,
Our Kangar-rooster-roo!
And seeing he's such a whopper,
I'll certainly not say "Shoo"!

Then there are two, you see,
So I'd better hold my peace,
Or they may sit on me
And leave me a crumpled crease



A SURPRISE

A Squidgeecumsquee
Got up in a tree,
And found another —
The facsimile.
“Oh dear! oh my!”
He said jumping high,
“It’s surely my brother —
What a horrible guy!”



CONSIDERATE

"You jump over to me," said Sue.
"I wish you would come to me,"
said Loo;

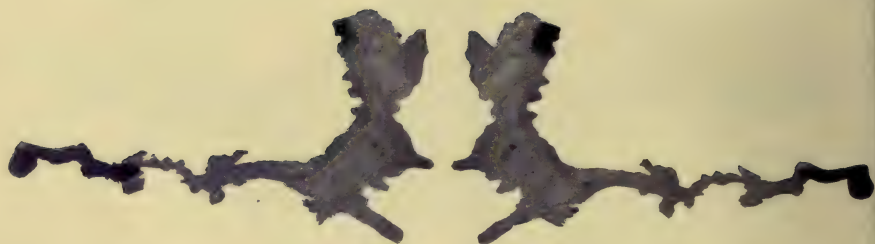
"As sure as I jump
I'll kick that stump,
So really I'd rather let you."



RISKY

Now this is just the funniest rogue,
A Brownie as black as ink,
And what he's doing perched up there,
I'm sure I cannot think.

He's holding his arms like a pair of sails;
Perhaps he's trying to fly.
Let's hope he won't be playing that game
When you and I pass by.



DOGGEREL

Here are the strangest pair of dogs,
What sort I cannot tell,
But judging by their noses sharp
They have the sense of smell.

Their tails are very, very long,—
But does it really matter?
By the very way they stare and start
They're mad as any hatter.



A WARNING

Are these Quumps or Zagabogs,
Golliwogs or Queens?
Anyhow, you'd best look out,—
They're just about to sneeze!



THE LATEST DISCOVERY

I've just discovered a marvelous way
Of making these Blottentots mottled and gray;
If you promise you never will show any one
I'll tell you the secret of how it is done.

Take two bottles of ink, one thick and one thin,
Of different blacks, and dip your pen in;
From each splash a drop at the very same spot,
Then do as before, only pressing a lot.



SORRY GRIGS

What makes these little Grigs so sad?
They're standing most dejected.
Have they been up to something bad
And in it got detected?



LANKY DOODLE

Lanky Doodle came to town
Without his little pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat
With bits of macaroni.



THE DANCE

Jingle your bells and your tambourine
For just such a dance as you never have seen;
Such swishing of skirts, and glancing of feet,
Such bowing and parting, then running to meet;
So jingle your bells and your tambourine,
And keep them a-dancing from morning till e'en.



LOOK OUT FOR HIM!

He's flying in the air,
So you are safe and sound;
But you had better skip
When he lights upon the ground.



MACBETH

Act I , Scene I.

"When shall we 'two' meet again—
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"
"When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won"



PERPLEXING

A queer little wight,
Very strangely dight,
Looked so much like his brother,
That, believe me, it's true,
No one ever knew
How to tell one from t'other.



MERELY ACCIDENTAL

Such angular shapes
In such beautiful capes
Are the silliest contradiction,
But they simply "came";
So I'm not to blame;
With Blottentots there's no restriction.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER

"Now really it is shocking!" irately said
Miss B,

"To think that you are mocking and
making fun of me.

You have your wings and rufflings
the very same as I,

So you need not turn your nose up,
with a twinkle in your eye."



A DE-DUCK-TION

Pluck
A duck
Of a wing.
Alack!
He'll quack,
And not sing.



AN OVERSIGHT

Two Rabbits met and shook hands one day
In the gravest possible kind of a way.
But what was the cause of their serious mien
From our picture is not very easily seen.
They'd been jollier far if they'd stopped to sup
The honeyed mead from the buttercup.



QUITE THE THING

Words fail
To detail,
I can only smile.
Your salute
Is cute
And just perfect style.



QUAINT AND QUEER

Quaint and Queer,
A funny pair,
The funniest you could see,
Met one day
In a strange array,
The strangest that could be.

Each stood and stared
As if he feared
That he would get a poke;
But laughed to find
The other kind,
And thought it all a joke.



FINIS

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Before, I had some Cassowaries,
Now I have two Dromedaries.
So just to leave some shapes for you,
I'll doff my cap and say adieu.

70 1/2
ABDOLAH

Helen Eyck



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